

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

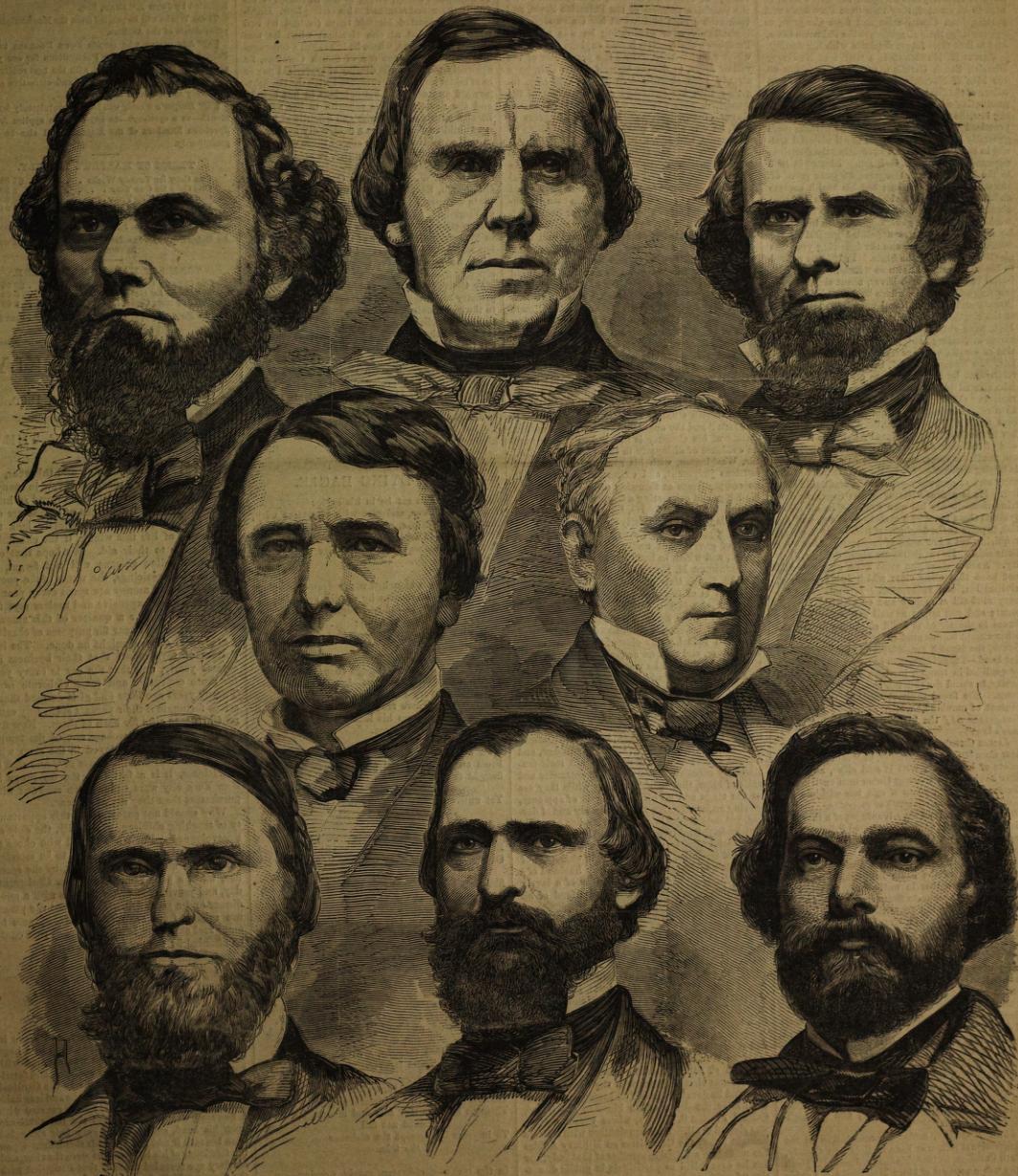
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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KRITT.
BOYCE.

CHESNUT.

M'QUEEN.
ASHMORE.

HAMMOND.

BONHAM.
MILES.

THE SECEDING SOUTH CAROLINA DELEGATION.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

THE SECEDED SOUTH CAROLINA DELEGATION.

We give on the preceding page portraits of the gentlemen originally accredited to the present Congress of the United States, as Senators and Representatives, from the State of South Carolina. The Senators did not take their seats at the commencement of this; the second session; those Representatives who were elected members of the State Convention withdrew to attend its session, and when the news reached Washington that the State had formally seceded from the Union, these gentlemen withdrew from the capitol. Presently, as well as politically, this exodus from the national halls of legislation will be felt; for although some of the Palmetto delegation have at times used harsh words in debate, they leave no enemies behind them. Gallant gentlemen, with high endowments, manly attributes, and an integrity upon which suspicion has never even dared to glance, they carry with them kind and considerate names, and go far to induce us to believe that "secession is treason." Worthy successors of Calhoun, and Hayne, and McDuffie, and Butler, and others who have in former years occupied the chairs now, or soon to be vacated, they turn from Presidents and parties, from Constitution and from Congress, to acknowledge their allegiance to the Palmetto State, and to link their future destinies with her destiny.

JAMES H. HAMMOND is a native of Newberry District, South Carolina, where he was born on the 15th of November, 1808. He was a student of the State College, into which he entered, graduating with high honors in 1827. After studying law, he was admitted to the bar, at which he practiced with success, although he became more generally known as the writer of all editorial articles in the *Southern Times* advocating the doctrine expounded by John C. Calhoun. Elected in 1835 to the Twenty-fourth Congress, he gave proof of the most brilliant talents; but his health became failing, and after the close of his term he made a long and laborious tour of Europe, returning to America, where he had an opportunity to study the workings of foreign governments. On his return home in 1841, he was appointed general of the South Carolina troops, and the following year was elected Governor of the State. In 1844 he retired to his noble estate known as "Redcliffe," a fertile island in the Savannah River, about six miles below Augusta, Georgia, where he devoted himself to literary and to agricultural pursuits. His letters to England, to Canada, and to Paris, published in 1848, were extensively circulated, and his experiments in marlings laid, deep plowing, and cultivation of sorgho, etc., are well known to agriculturists.

In November, 1857, he was called from his retirement by the Legislature of South Carolina, who elected him a United States Senator, and on receiving the telegraphic announcement, he sent as a return message—"I am grateful, I will accept, and I will do my duty." Appointed a member of the Committee on Naval Affairs, he has been one of the most diligent Senators in attending to the public business, and in his speech on the subject of appropriations for the maintenance of our navy and of our navy-yards on a creditable footing. He is a firm believer in the Southern doctrine that—to use his own words—"in all social systems there must be a class to do the menial duties, to perform the drudgery of life. That is, a class that has but a low order of intellect and but very little skill. Its requisites are vigor, docility, fidelity, and a desire to be a master in the world; or you would not have the other class which sustain civilization, and refinement." It constitutes the very mud-sill of society and of political government; and you might as well attempt to build a house in the air as to build either the one or the other except on this mud-sill. Fortunately for the South, she found a race adapted to that purpose to her hand—a race inferior to her own, but eminently qualified in temper, in vigor, in docility, in capacity, to stand the climate, to answer all her purposes. She found these slaves "by the common consent of mankind," which, according to Cleopatra, "lex naturae est," the highest proof of what is natural law."

JAMES CHESNUT was born about the year 1815, near Camden, South Carolina, at "Mulberry," the estate of his father, who is still alive, and who, after having been a strong Union man until nearly thirty years and ten years of age, has within a few months become an advocate of secession. James, after having received the advantages of a thorough classical academic education at a Princeton college, where, at a commencement, he was well acquainted with his lady, who is a Philadelphian by birth. In 1842 he was elected a member of the lower branch of the State Legislature, and continued to serve there until 1852, taking high ground against separate State secession. In 1854 he was elected to the State Senate from the Kershaw district, as the candidate of those who desired to reform the party. In 1856 he was chosen in the following year he became convinced that the three-hundred system was the correct one, and took his resignation, which his constituents refused to accept. Re-elected in 1855, he succeeded Governor Alston as the presiding officer of the Senate, and continued in the chair until—1858—he was chosen to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Judge Evans, United States Senator, and was subsequently elected to fill that position for the ensuing term. Notwithstanding his temperamental and chivalric disposition, he has disciplined himself to act with the calm dignity of a statesman, and enjoys a high reputation for the accuracy of his information, the cogency of his logic, his energetic but unambitious eloquence, and his high-minded patriotism.

JOHN M'QUEEN, senior Representative on the Congressional side, was born in Robinson County, North Carolina, in 1818, his father, James M'Queen (who was a nephew of Flora McDonald, the guide of Prince Charlie), being a descendant in a direct line from Robert Bruce. After having graduated at Chapel Hill University, he commenced the study of law, and having removed to Marlborough Court House, South Carolina, was there admitted to the bar, and has since enjoyed a lucrative practice. As a member of the Nullification doctrine, he elected a Colonel of the State Volunteers in 1832, at time of a general armament, and rose to the rank of Major-General in 1835. In 1844 he became a candidate for Congress in opposition to Colonel Alexander D. Sims, but was defeated three successive times, after which he was elected, taking his seat in the House in 1849. Since then he has been successively re-elected, and is one of the ablest politicians in the South. He is a man of great energy. Politics are with him a matter of duty to his State, not a labor of love, a serious reality, not a mere pastime. Attentive to his duties, he never hesitates to express his opinions, giving utterance to the real sentiments of his mind—the unbiased conclusions suggested by his long experience as a representative of South Carolina. Twice married, he has twice been made a happy father, and highly esteemed by his numerous acquaintances as a gallant, frank, and genial man.

WILLIAM PORCHER MILLS, the accomplished Representative from his native city of Charleston, is one of those who have "greatness thrust upon them," of Huguenot descent, he is identified with the patrician families of the Palmetto State, and took such a high position at her University, that immediately after graduating he was offered a Professor's chair. His heroic exploits at Norfolk, while he hastened during the prevalence of the yellow fever, to defend the sick, and to succor the stricken, are familiar to *Harper's Weekly*, together with his successful administration of the municipal government, when afterward chosen Mayor of Charleston. Elected to Congress in 1837, he was at first placed on the Committees on Commerce, and afterward on that on Foreign Affairs. His speeches, always on questions above the parson politics of the day, have been the theme of high ecomium, and are models of congressional eloquence. Year after year, too, has he warned his countrymen of the perils of their course, and, above all, where he had an opportunity to study the workings of foreign governments. On his return home in 1841, he was appointed general of the South Carolina troops, and the following year was elected Governor of the State. In 1844 he retired to his noble estate known as "Redcliffe," a fertile island in the Savannah River, about six miles below Augusta, Georgia, where he devoted himself to literary and to agricultural pursuits. His letters to England, to Canada, and to Paris, published in 1848, were extensively circulated, and his experiments in marlings laid, deep plowing, and cultivation of sorgho, etc., are well known to agriculturists.

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JOHN L. DONALDSON was born in Edgesfield District, South Carolina, and is a descendant of the Butler family, which has given many noble sons to the Palmetto State. After receiving a thorough classical education, and, during his boyhood, graduated at the State University, in 1840, with the highest honors, he commenced the practice of law. In 1843 he was elected a member of the Legislature, and took an active part in State politics until 1853, when he was elected a Representative in Congress, of which body he has since been a member, except when he resigned in company with his friend the late Preston S. Brooks, to be immediately returned by an immense majority. As an author, he has created more decided sensations than any man in a M.C., having a pyrotechnic style, rich in variety, a M.C., having a majestic and copious expression. His speeches are dramatically effective, made of the entrances and exits of ideas, that sparkle vividly while they are on the stage and go off in a tumult of applause, leaving an intoxicating sense of beauty and of daring, yet nothing distinct but a metaphor or a bold allusion. Highly polished by education and refined social attrition, he possesses a winning affability and grace, and the chivalric champion of his State's sovereignty, the fond husband of a most charming wife, the fond father of a lovely young daughter, and the esteemed friend of all who know him.

MILDRED L. DONALDSON was born in Edgesfield District, South Carolina, and is a descendant of the Butler family, which has given many noble sons to the Palmetto State. After receiving a thorough classical education, and, during his boyhood, graduated at the State University, in 1840, with the highest honors, he commenced the practice of law. In 1843 he was elected a member of the Legislature, and was elected colonel of a cavalry regiment, defeating James L. Orr, afterward Speaker of the House. Raised to the rank of Major-general, he devoted much time to the inspection and disciplining of his division, and during the Mexican War he took the field at the head of a battalion of South Carolina troops. On his return he was elected Solicitor of the Southern Circuit, and, after having performed his professional duties until after the death of his father, John L. Donaldson, he was elected to fill his acquaintance with matters brought before the Committee on Military Affairs has made him a valuable member of that body, nor has he ever failed to participate in public discussions, frankly avowing and energetically defending the grounds of his public conduct.

COLONEL D. ASIMORE, born in Greenville District, South Carolina, in 1820, was deprived of his father early in life, and was forced by reverses of fortune

to labor on his mother's farm for maintenance. With her fostering care, he managed, however, to secure the means of education, and, when he was a youth to Sumpter District, where he was a clerk in a store, then a school-teacher, and then a practicing lawyer, qualifying himself for each position as he advanced. Preferring rural life, he afterward established himself as a planter with decided success, and after holding commissions in the State volunteers, he was elected to the State Legislature in 1848, and served until chosen Congressman in 1853. Colonel Asimore, in South Carolina, is a position of high responsibility, as the incumbent has not only to attend to the collection and disbursement of the revenue, but likewise to examine the monthly reports of banking and other corporations, whose solvency is thus verified for the public good. It will be seen that this requires a comprehensive knowledge of business affairs, united with habits of close application; and it is said that so faithfully were the multifarious duties performed by Colonel Asimore, that during the four years' period of his service, not an error, either of statement or of calculation, was found on his books. In 1857 he left his plantation in Sumpter County, owing to the ill health of his family there, and returned to his birth-place. Hardly had he located himself there (indeed he had never voted, but at one election) when he was elected to Congress, where he has taken a conspicuous position. A true son of South Carolina, he evidently considers the display of oratorical power as of minor importance compared with the straightforward expression of his views in his behalf, and the devotion of his energies to the public service. Blessed with a devoted wife and a family of intelligent children, he occupies a deservedly high social as well as political position among those with whom he entered upon life's struggles, to achieve high, yet merited, success.

WILLIAM W. BOYCE, born October 24, 1819, at Charleston, South Carolina, was educated at the State University, and afterward at the University of Virginia. Admitted to the bar, he commenced the practice of law with success, and was in 1842 elected a member of the State Legislature, but took no decided stand in relation to 1850, when he was foremost among those opposed to separate State secession. Chosen a member of the May Convention, composed of delegates elected at primary meetings, he was earnest in his resistance to the secessionists, and, subsequently, in a letter to Governor Richardson, the presiding officer, he took the ground that if not a deliberate assembly, but that it was controlled by the dominant party. Mr. Boyce was elected a Representative to Congress, where he gave creditable proofs of his high abilities and profound insight. Few gentlemen on the American continent are as well versed in political economy, as are diligent students, as Mr. Boyce; while to powers of mind highly cultivated by study he unites oratorical talents of a high order.

THE DYING EAGLE.

SICK and swollen sat he in his eyrie:
Rock-bound 'twas, and girt with pine-trees wiry,
And the sun-flames, glaring fierce and fiery,
Came not there;
Far below the waves dashed, white with fury,
Every where.
He, with pinions blanched with sorrow—drowsing,
Sought him not success by deadly swooping
On his enemies, in safety trooping
Near at hand;
But, with head bent forward, stared he ever
At the sand, ah, me! though changing ever—
Forming thoughts in atoms—but to sever
From them every oracle forever—

There read he
This sad story, from his lonely eyrie
By the sea.
How a fertile seed—a creation
From an age of wicked persecution—
Sought to fashion out her tribulation
From a soil
Yet unwrought by human hands, untouched by
Human Toil.

How another age had seen it growing—
Ripening by past experience—showing
Others all the life from it outflowing
To the end;
Showing how the soul should break, if need be,
But not bend.

How, again, successful, it grew daring—
Twas hard to bear the burden of its bane—
Till at last, of conflict not bewaring,
Bolder still,
Hewing out a path, it took the place 'twas

Formed to fill.

Time rolled on: by heavenly sunbeams lighted,
Two twin trees, to whose seed benighted,
Had grown up and mutual faith had plighted.
Never, never
Should a jealous thought, a doubt, o'er sever
Them forever.

Then another scene: that after ages,
Tracing in their time's historic pages,
Through its shameful acts and mournful stages,
Should not fail
To impress by the diabolish disionhor

of the tale.

THE FEUD OF FATHER, SON, AND BROTHER—
By the broken heart of wife and mother—
By the bond of union, and that other
Bond of blood,
Broken now—he knew, and fell forever
Where he stood.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

AND

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Our Publishers have the pleasure of announcing that *Harpers Magazine* for the ensuing year will contain new Stories

By Thackeray and the Author of "Adam Bede,"

and that in Number 504 (Nov. 24) of *Harper's Weekly* a new Novel by CHARLES DICKENS, entitled

GREAT EXPECTATIONS,

was commenced. Mr. Dickens' Tale will be richly illustrated by JOHN McLAIN, Esq.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1860.

THE CHARITIES OF THE SEASON.

CHRISTMAS is upon us; and this year, we fear, it will be a scene of sorrow in many a household. Political strife has proved so hurtful to business that thousands of people are out of employment, and will absolutely lack the necessities of life this winter, if the charitable do not come to their aid. We hope that our benevolent fellow-citizens will not forget, in their holiday rejoicings, the wants of the poor.

Large sums of money are spent every year in the purchase of expensive and useless toys for children; if half, or a quarter of this amount were set apart this year for purposes of charity, a great deal of good might be done. The importers of toys report that their business increases yearly, and that the cry is every year for more expensive and more elaborate toys. Twenty years ago boys and girls deemed themselves fortunate if their parents sent fifty cents on Christmas gifts for each of them. Now five dollars will hardly purchase one of the tempting toys which are displayed in the shop windows. And hard as the times are, and dull as business is, it is a fact that the toy-shops in New York city were never more crowded with purchasers than they are at present.

Why should not parents take this opportunity of teaching children, practically, the duty of benevolence? Each boy or girl who chose to forego a Christmas gift, or even to be satisfied with one of moderate cost, might, by the sacrifice, make a poor family happy on Christmas-day, and provide five or six persons with a good dinner and a good fire. Would not the pleasure arising from such an act of kindness be more real and more lasting than any that could be afforded by the possession of a toy?

THE LOUNGER.

CARDINAL RICHELIEU.

The scene suddenly drew apart, and there in his library, at Cardinal Richelieu, in a huge wooden chair by the table, was seated, looking over papers. The friar Joseph, his confessor and familiar, stood at hand. It was precisely the Cardinal as one fancies him. His scrubbed face and lacy whisker (what is the name of it?) were covered with a flowered wrapper. He had the red skull-cap upon his head, and the long gray hair straggled from beneath it and fell upon his shoulders. Upon the forehead of his left hand he wore the ring, and his eye was fixed upon the soul that struggled with the disease which shook his slight frame with its cough. The room was vaulted, and there were shelves upon shelves.

When the Cardinal began to converse he did it in the most elaborate manner, and with much gesture. The spell of his appearance was a little dis-



WON.

A START—a pause—a flutter and a sigh,
A voice that trembles in the common greeting;
The hurried clasp of an unsteady hand,
That once was frankly offered at your meeting.

I saw you, little Annie—yes, I know,
He's Charlie's friend, just landed from Bengal,
He's very fond of Charlie, ah! and so
He staid till last at Charlie's sister's ball.

You danced eight times together—am I right
He's such a perfect waltzer—nothing more?
You met a week ago this very night,
And I have—known you all your lifetime o'er!

Forgive me that I played the lis'ner, dear,
And heard him win your love, among the flowers;
You had forgotten I was prisoned here,
A poor lone cripple all these festive hours.

He's very winsome, honest-eyed, and tall,
The cross for valor's roll contains his story.
On my part—stricken brook—will fall,
I reap in Life's grim battle all but glory.

Dearie, don't kneel, and hide those kind gray eyes,
I am not grieving, look me in the face.
Why, who am I, that I should claim the prize,
Who never could have started in the race?

He's waiting for you, Annie—leave me now
Along with what must be a happy past.
A brother's kiss I claim upon your brow,
God bless you, Annie! 'tis my first—and last.

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GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

Splendidly Illustrated by John McLellan.

Printed from the Manuscript and
each Proof-sheets purchased from the
Author by the Proprietors of "Harper's
Weekly."

CHAPTER VIII.

MR. PUMBLECHOOK's premises in the High Street of the market town were of a peppercorn and farfetched nature, as the premises of a cobbler and sedentary. It appeared to me that he must be a very happy man indeed to have so many little drawers in his shop; and I wondered when I peeped into one or two on the lower tiers, and saw the tied-up brown paper packets inside, whether the flower-seeds and bulbs ever wanted of a fine day to break out of those jails and bloom.

It was in the early morning after my arrival that I entered this special scene. On the previous night I had been sent straight to bed in an attic with a single roof, which, though it was in the corner where the bedstead was, that I calculated the tiles as being within a foot of my eyebrows. In the same early morning I discovered a singular affinity between seeds and corduroys. Mr. Pumblechook wore corduroys, and so did Mr. Shopman; and somehow there was a general *je ne sais quoi* about the corduroys, so much in the nature of seeds, and a general similarity between the two, so much in the nature of corduroys, that I hardly knew which was which. The same opportunity served me for noticing that Mr. Pumblechook appeared

to conduct his business by looking across the street at the saddler, who appeared to transact his business by keeping his eye on the coach-maker, who appeared to get on in life by putting his hands in his pockets and complimenting the bakers who turned round polished his arms and stared at the grocer, who stood at his door and yawned at the chemist. The watchmaker always pored over a little desk with a magnifying glass at his eye, and always inspected by a group in smock-frocks poring over him through the glass of his shop-window, seemed to be about the only person in the High Street whose trade engaged his attention.

Mr. Pumblechook and I breakfasted at eight o'clock in the parlour behind the shop, while the rest of the world, in his opinion, was at the bread-and-butter—a sack of peace in the front premises. I considered Mr. Pumblechook a wretched company. Besides being possessed by my sister's idea that a mortifying and penitential character ought to be imparted to my diet—besides giving me as much crumb as possible in combination with little butter, and putting such a quantity of warm water into my milk that it would have been more convenient to leave off drinking it, he had moreover been more inclined to leave off eating it. Our acquaintance was conducted by a great deal of whispering and muttering. On my bidding him Good-morning, he said pompously, "Seven times nine, boy!" And how should I be able to answer, dodged in that way, in a strange place, on an empty stomach? I was hungry, but before I had swallowed a morsel he began a running sum that lasted all through the breakfast. "Seven?" "And four?" "And ten?" "And eight?" "And six?" "And seven?" "And ten?" And so on. And after each item was discussed of, it was as much as I could do to get a bite or a cup before the next came; while he sat at his ease gressing nothing and eating bacon and hot roll in (if I may be allowed the expression) a gorging and gormizing manner.

For such reasons I was very glad when ten o'clock came and we started for Miss Havisham's; though I was not at all at my ease regarding the manner in which I should acquaint myself under that lady's roof. Within a quarter of a mile of us was the Miss Havisham's house, which was of old brick, dimpled, and had a great many iron bars to it. Some of the windows had been walled up; of those that remained all the lower were rustily barred. There was a court-yard in front, and that was barred; so we had to wait, after ringing the bell, until some one should come to open it. While we waited at the gate I peeped in (even then Mr. Pumblechook said, "And fourteen?" but I pretended not to hear him), and saw that at the side of this house there was a large laundry; no washing was going on in it, and none seemed to have gone on for a long long time.

A window was raised, and a clear voice demanded "What name?" To which my conductor replied "Pumblechook." The voice returned "Quite right," and the window was shut again, and a young lady came across the court-yard with keys at her hand.

"This," said Mr. Pumblechook, "is Pip."

"This is who?" returned the young lady, who was very pretty and seemed very proud.

"Come in, Pip."

Mr. Pumblechook was coming in also, when she stopped him with the gate.

"Oh!" she said. "Did you wish to see Miss Havisham?"

"If Miss Havisham wished to see me," retorted Mr. Pumblechook, discomfited.

"She has not seen me since I last called on her."

She said it so finally, and in such an undiscernible way, that Mr. Pumblechook, though in a condition of ruffled dignity, could not protest,

but he eyed me severely—as if I had done any thing to him!—and departed with the words reproachfully delivered: "Boy! Let your behavior here be a credit unto them which brought you up by hand!" I was not free from apprehension that he would come back to propound through the gate, "And sixteen?" But he didn't.

My young conductress locked the gate, and we went across the court-yard. It was paved and clean, but grass was growing in every crevice. The brewery buildings had a little fence of communication with it, and the wooden gates of that lane stood open, and all the brewery beyond stood open, away to the high inclosing wall, and all was empty and dead. The cold wind whistled like a collier there, than outside the gates, and it made a shrill noise in the rigging of a ship at sea.

She saw me looking at it, and she said, "You could drink without hurt all the strong beer that's brewed there now, boy."

"I should think I could, miss," said I, in a shy way.

"Better not try to brew beer there now, or it would turn sour, boy; don't think so?"

"No, ma'am, I don't dare to try," she added, "for that's all done with, and the place will stand as idle as it is till it falls. As to strong beer, there's enough of it in the cellars already to drown the Manor House."

"Is that the name of this house, miss?"

"One of its names, boy."

"It has more than one, then, miss?"

"One more. Its other name was Satis; which is Greek, or Latin, or Hebrew, or all three—or all four to me—for enough."

"Enough House," said I; "that's a curious name, miss."

"Yes," she replied; "but it meant more than it said. It meant, when it was given, that whoever had this house could want nothing else. They must have been easily satisfied in those days, I should think. But don't loiter, boy."

Though she called me "boy" so often, and with carelessness that was far from complimentary, she was about of my own age—or very little older. She was not more than I, of course, being girl, and beautiful and possessed; and she was as scornful of me as if she had been one-and-twenty, and a queen.

We went in the house by a side door—the great front entrance had two chains across it outside—and the first thing I noticed was, that the passages were all dark, and that she had left a candle burning there. She took it up, and we went through more passages and up a staircase, and still it was all dark, and only the candle lighted us.

At last we came to the door of a room, and she answered "Go in."

"I answered "Go in" in shyness than politeness, "After you, miss."

To this she returned: "Don't be ridiculous, boy; I am not going in." And scornfully walked away, and—what was worse—took the candle with her.

This was very uncomfortable, and I was half afraid. However, the only thing to be done is to knock at the door, I knocked, and was admitted. I entered a room which I had not seen before, and found myself in a pretty large room well lighted with wax candles. No glimmer of daylight was to be seen in it. It was a dressing-room, as I supposed from the furniture, though much of it was of forms and uses then quite unknown to me. But prominent in it was a draped table with a gilded looking-glass, and that I made out at first sight to be a fine lady's dressing-table.

Whether I should have made out this object so soon if there had been no fine lady sitting at it I can not say. In an arm-chair, with an elbow resting on the table and her head leaning on that hand, sat the strangest lady I have ever seen, or shall ever see.

She was dressed in thick materials—satin, and lace, and silk—of which her shoes were white. And she had a long white veil suspended from her hair, and she had bridal flowers in her hair, but her hair was white. Some bright jewels sparkled on her neck and on her hands, and some other jewels lay sparkling on the table. Dresses, less splendid than the dress she wore, and half-packed trunks, were scattered about. She had not quite finished dressing, for she had not even put on her stockings yet; the stockings were half arranged, her watch and chain were not put on, and some lace for her bosom lay with those trinkets, and with her handkerchief, and gloves, and some flowers, and a prayer-book, all confusedly heaped about the looking-glass.

It was not in the first minute that I saw all these things, though I saw more of them in the first minute than might be supposed. But I saw that every thing within my view which ought to be white had been white long ago, and had lost its brightness—it was yellow and yellow. I saw that the bride within the bright dresses had lost the brightness left but the brightness of her sunken eyes. I saw that the dress had been put upon the rounded figure upon which it now hung loose had shrunk to skin and bone. Once, I had been taken to see some ghastly wax-work at the Fair, representing I know not what impossible persons living or dead. Once, I had been taken to see some ghastly wax-work at the church pavement. In the ashes of a rich dress that had been dug out of a vault under the church pavement, was wax-work and skeleton supposed to have dark eyes that moved and looked at me. I should have cried out if I could.

"Who is it?" said the lady at the table.

"Pip, ma'am."

"Pip?"

"Mr. Pumblechook's boy, ma'am. Come to play."

"Come nearer; let me look at you. Come closer."

It was when I stood before her, avoiding her eyes, that I took note of the surrounding objects in detail, and saw that her watch had stopped at twenty minutes to nine, and that a clock in the room had stopped at twenty minutes to nine.

"Look at me," said Miss Havisham. "You are not afraid of a woman who has never seen the sun since you were born?"

I regret to state that I was not afraid of telling the enormous lie comprehended in the answer "No."

"Do you know what I touch here?" she said, laying her hands, one upon the other, on her young man.

"Yes, ma'am. (It made me think of the young man.)

"What do I touch?"

"Your heart."

"Broken!"

She uttered the word with an eager look, and with a smiling countenance, and with a weird smile that had a kind of glow in it. Afterward, she kept her hands there for a little while, and slowly took them away as if they were heavy men.

"I am tired," said Miss Havisham. "I want diversion, and I have done with men and women. Play."

I think it will be conceded by my most disinterested reader that she could hardly have directed an unfortunate boy to do anything in the



"WHO IS IT?" SAID THE LADY AT THE TABLE. "PIP, MA'AM."

wide world more difficult to be done under the circumstances.

"I sometimes have sick fancies," she went on, "and I have a fancy sick that I want to see some play. There, there!" with an impatient movement of the fingers of her right hand; "play, play, play!"

For a moment, with the fear of my sister's watching me before me, I had a desolate idea of starting round the room in the assumed character of Mr. Pumblechook's chaise-cart. But I felt so unequal to the performance that I gave it up, and stood looking at Miss Havisham in what I suppose she took for a dogged manner, inasmuch as she said, when we had taken a good look at each other:

"Play, play, play, play!"

"Now, then, I am very sorry for you, and very sorry I can't play just now. If you complain of me I shall get into trouble with my sister, so I would do it if I could; but it's so new here, and so strange, and so fine—and melancholy—" I stopped, fearing I might say too much, or had already said it, and we took another look at each other.

Before I had looked at the dress she wore, and at the dressing-table, and finally at herself in the looking-glass.

"So new to him," she muttered, "so old to me; so strange to him, to his family to me; so melancholy to both of us! Call Estella."

As she was still looking at the reflection of herself, I thought she was still talking to herself, and left quiet.

"Call Estella," she repeated, flashing a look at me. "You can do that. Call Estella. At the door."

To stand in the dark in a mysterious passage of an unknown house bawling Estella to a scornful young lady neither visible nor responsive, and feeling it a dreadful liberty so to roar over her name, was almost as bad as playing to order. But she answered at last, and her light came through the doorway.

Miss Havisham beckoned her to come close, and took up a jewel from the table, and tried its effect upon her fair young bosom and against her pretty brown hair. "Your own, one day, my dear, and you will use it well. Let me see you play cards with this boy."

"With this boy? Why, he is a common laboring boy!"

"But I overheard Miss Havisham answer—only seemed so unlively—"Well? You can break his heart!"

"What do you play, boy?" asked Estella of myself, with the greatest disdain.

"Nothing but beggar my neighbor, miss."

"Beggar him," said Miss Havisham to Estella. So we sat down to cards.

It was then I began to understand that every thing in that room had been made for me, and made for a long time ago. I noticed that Miss Havisham put down the jewel exactly on the spot from which she had taken it up. As Estella dealt the cards I glanced at the dressing-table again, and saw that the shoe upon it, once white, now yellow, had never been worn. I glanced down at the foot from which the shoe was absent, and saw that the silk stocking on it, once white, now yellow, had been torn ragged. With a kind of start, I saw even this this startling sight of all the pale decayed objects, not even the withered bridal dress on the collapsed form could have looked so like grave-clothes, or the long wall so like a shroud.

So she sat corpse-like, as we played at cards: the frillings and trimmings on her bridal dress looking like earthy paper, and as if they would crumble under a touch. I knew nothing then of the discoveries that are to be made in bodies, and in the moments of being distinctly seen; but I have often thought since that she must have looked as if the admission of the natural light of day would have struck her to dust.

"He calls the knaves Jacks, this boy!" said Estella, with disdain, before our first game was out. "And what coarse heads he has! And what thick boots!"

I had never thought of being ashamed of my hands before; but I began to consider them a very indifferent pair. Her contempt was so strong that it became infectious, and I caught it.

She won the game, and I dealt. I misdealt, as was only natural, when I knew she was lying in wait for me to do wrong, and she denounced me for a stupid, clumsy laboring boy.

"You say nothing," she remarked. Miss Havisham said as she looked on. "She says many hard things of you, but you say nothing of her. What do you think of her?"

"I don't like to say," I stammered.

"Tell me in my ear," said Miss Havisham, bending down.

"I think she is very proud," I replied, in a whisper.

"Any thing else?"

"I think she is very pretty."

"A new thing?"

"I think she is very insulting." (She was looking at me, then, with a look of supreme aversion.)

"Any thing else?"

"I think I should like to go home."

"And never see her again, though she is so pretty?"

"I am not sure that I shouldn't like to see her again, but I should like to go home now."

"You shall go soon," said Miss Havisham, aloud. "Play the game out."

Saving for the one weird smile at first, I should have felt almost sure that Miss Havisham's face could not smile. It had dropped into a watchful and brooding expression—most likely when all the things about her had become transfixed—and it looked as if nothing could ever lift it

up any more. Her chest had dropped, so that she stooped; and her voice had dropped, so that she spoke low, and with a dead dull upon her; altogether she had the appearance of having dropped, body and soul, within and without, under the weight of a crashing blow.

She played the game to an end with Estella, and she despised them for having been won of me.

"When shall I have you here again?" said Miss Havisham. "Let me think."

I was beginning to remind her that to-day was Wednesday, when she checked me with her former impatient movement of the fingers of her right hand.

"There! there! I know nothing of days of the week; I know nothing of weeks of the year. Come again after three days. You hear?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Estella, take him down. Let him have something to eat, and let him roost and look about him while I eat it. Go, Pip."

I followed the candle down as I had followed the candle up, and she stood in the place where we had found it. Until she opened the door, I had imagined without knowing about it, that it must necessarily be night time. The rush of the daylight quite confounded me, and made me feel as if I had been in the candle-light of the strange room many hours.

"You are to wait here, boy," said Estella, and disappeared and closed the door.

I took the opportunity of the momentary pause in the count of my cards to look at my coarse hands and my common clothes. My opinion of those accessories was not favorable. They had never troubled me before, but they troubled me now, as vulgar appendages.

I determined to ask Joe why he had ever taught me to call those picture-cards Jacks which ought to be called knaves. I wished Joe had been rather more gently brought up, and that he should have been more considerately brought up.

She sat back with some bread and meat and a little mug of beer. She put the mug down on the stones of the yard, and gave me the bread and meat without looking at me, as insolently as if I were a dog. I was so humiliated, hurt, spurned, offended, angry, sorry—I can not fit upon the right name for the smart—God knows what his name was—than tears started to my eyes. The moment they sprang there, the girl looked at me with a quick delight in heaven, and then back to the card-table; so she gave a contemptuous toss—but with a sense, I thought, of having made too sure that I was so wounded and left me.

But when she gone I looked about me for a place to hide my face in, and got under one of the gates in the brewery-yard, and leaned my sleek against the wall and roosted, and lay down to sleep. As I cried I leaned my head against the wall and took a hard twist at my hair; so bitter were my feelings, and so sharp was the smart without a name, that needed counteraction.

My sister's bringing up had made me sensitive. In the little world in which children have their existence, whosoever brings up a child, and makes them what they are, is so fondly preserved and so fondly held in esteem. It may be only small injustices that the child can be exposed to; but the child is small, and its world is small, and its rocking-horse stands as many hands high, according to scale, as a big-boned Irish hunter. Within myself I had sustained from my babyhood a perpetual conflict with injustice. I had known from the time when I could speak that my sister, in her capacity of a wise and benevolent mother, had a strong and profound conviction that her bringing me up by hand gave her no right to bring me up by jerks. Through all my punishments, disgraces, fasts, and vigils, and other penitential performances, I had nursed this assurance; and to my communion so much with it, a solitary and unprotected way, I, in great part, refer the fact that I was really timid and very sensitive to the world, and to the secret and inward feelings for the time by locking them into the brewery-yard, and twisting them out of my hair, and then I smoothed my face with my sleeve and came before her to hide the gate. The bread and meat were acceptable, and the beer was warming and tingling, and I was soon in spirits to look about me.

To be sure it was a deserted place, down to the pigeon-house in the brewery-yard, which had been blown down, and the pigeons think themselves at sea, if there had been any pigeons there to be rocked by it. But there were no pigeons in the sty, no horses in the stable, no signs of grain or meal in the copper of the vast. All the uses and scents of the kitchen might have evaporated with its last rack of smoke. In bygone days, when the world was a garrison, each which had a certain sour remembrance of better days lingering about me; but it was too sour to be accepted as a sample of the beer that was gone—and in this respect I remember those recusants as being like most others.

Beyond the farthest end of the brewery was a rank garden with an old red wall, made so high that it could not be seen over it, and see that the rank garden was the garden of the house, and that it was overgrown with tangled weeds, but that there was a track upon the green and yellow paths, as that and some one sometimes walked away from me then. But she seemed to be every where, every cask, and began to walk away from me.

"You shall go soon," said Miss Havisham, aloud. "Play the game out."

For when I yielded to the temptation presented by the cards, and began to walk away from me, then that Estella was walking away from me even then. But she seemed to be every where, every cask, and began to walk away from me.

"I think she is very insulting." (She was looking at me, then, with a look of supreme aversion.)

"Any thing else?"

"I think I should like to go home."

"And never see her again, though she is so pretty?"

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"Why don't you cry?" said she.

"Because I don't want to," said I.

"You do," said she. "You have been crying, and you are near crying again."

She sat on contemplatively, pushed me out, and locked the door. I was immensely relieved to find him not at home. So, leaving word with the shopman on what day I was wanted at Miss Havisham's again, I set off on the four-mile walk to our forge; pondering, as I went along, on all I had seen, and deeply regretting that I was a common laboring boy, that my hands were coarse, and that my bones were weak. I had fallen into the trap of calling knaves Jacks, that I was much more ignorant than I had considered myself last night, and, on the whole, that I was in a low-lived bad way.

A DAY'S RIDE:

A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

BY CHARLES LEVER.
AUTHOR OF "CHARLES' MALLEY"; "HARRY LOREKQUEE,"
ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

I COULD NOT hear the loud and repeated knocking which were made at my door, as at first waiters, and then the landlord himself, endeavored to gain admittance. At length a ladder was placed at the window, and a courageous individual, duly armed, appeared at my casement and summoned me to surrender. With what unspeakable relief did I find that it was not to appear before the magistrate, but to be sent to the police court, and my hands were not to be searched, but to be bound behind my back. I had fallen into the trap of calling knaves Jacks, that I was much more ignorant than I had considered myself last night, and, on the whole, that I was in a low-lived bad way.

To be sure it was a deserted place, down to the pigeon-house in the brewery-yard, which had been blown down, and the pigeons think themselves at sea, if there had been any pigeons there to be rocked by it. But there were no pigeons in the sty, no horses in the stable, no signs of grain or meal in the copper of the vast. All the uses and scents of the kitchen might have evaporated with its last rack of smoke. In bygone days, when the world was a garrison, each which had a certain sour remembrance of better days lingering about me; but it was too sour to be accepted as a sample of the beer that was gone—and in this respect I remember those recusants as being like most others.

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"I think she is very insulting." (She was looking at me, then, with a look of supreme aversion.)

"Any thing else?"

"I think I should like to go home."

"And never see her again, though she is so pretty?"

"I am not sure that I shouldn't like to see her again, but I should like to go home now."

"You shall go soon," said Miss Havisham, aloud. "Play the game out."

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then, as such, of more account than all your mere imaginations? would not the least of their daily miseries outweigh a whole bushel of fancied sorrows? is it not a poor selfishness on your part, when you deem some airy conception of your brain of more account than that poor old man and that dark-eyed girl. Last of all, are they not, in all their rugged finery, more "really true men than you yourself," Potts? and when the saw-dust is raked from the lamps are lighted; but you are "en scéne" from dawn to dark; and only lay your head to-morrow to don another. Is not this wretched? Is it not ignoble? In all these changes of character how much of the real man will be left behind? Will there be one morsel of honest flesh when all the laques of paint is washed off? And was it—oh, was it for this you first adventured out on the wide ocean of life?

I passed the evening and a greater part of the night in such a state of mind that I addressed myself to writing. It bothered me of my future and what and where and how it might be passed. The bag of money intrusted to me by the minister to pay the charges of the road was hanging where I had placed it—on the curtain-holder. I opened it and found a hundred and forty gold Napoleons, and some ten or twelve pounds in silver. I next set to count over my own espe- cial hoard; it was a fraction under a thousand francs. Forty pounds would buy me a very small sum elsewhere, but sufficient to world to which I brought my art, or trade, or means of livelihood. I say forty, because I had not the shadow of a pretext for touching the other sum, and I resolved at once to transmit it to the owner. Now, what could be done with so humble a capital? I had heard of a great general who once pawned a valuable sword—a sword of honor it was—whereupon to buy a horse, and so he became he went forth over the world, and conquered a kingdom. I did not feel as though I were the staff that conquers kingdoms, and yet there must surely be a vast number of men in life with about the same sort of faculties, merits, and elements as I have. There must be a numerous Potts-family in every land, well-meaning, right-inten-tioned, worthless creatures, who, out of a supposed willingness to do any thing, always end by doing nothing. Such people, it must be inferred, live upon what are called their wits, or other words, trade upon the daily affairs of life, and the like, to which they can turn the traits of those men with.

I was resolved not to descend to this; no, I had determined to say adieu to all masquerading, and be simply Potts, the druggist's son, one who had once dreamt of great ambitions, but had taken the wrong road to them. I would, from this hour, be an honest, truth-speaking, single-hearted creature. That the world might henceforth confide me of my purity, I could not tenderly hope for it; but, my! more, in the spirit of those devotees who made themselves with pietist by privations, I resolved on a course of self-mortification. I would not rest till I had made my former self expire all the vainglorious wantonness of the past, and pay in severe penance for every transgression I had committed. I began boldly with my reformation. I sat down and wrote thus:

"To Mr. Dyer, Stephen's Green, Dublin.

"The gentleman who took away a dun pony from your lively stables in the month of— last, and who, from certain circumstances, has not been able to restore the animal, sends herewith twenty pounds as his probable value. If Mr. D. conscientiously considers the sum insufficient, the sender will at some future time, he hopes, make good the difference."

Doubtless my esteemed reader will say, at this place, "The fellow couldn't do less; he need not want himself on a commanding place of honesty, which, after all, might have been suggested by certain fears of future consequences. His indiscretion amounted to horse-stealing, and horse-stealing is a felony."

All true, every word of it, most upright of judges; I was simply doing what I ought, or rather what I was bound to do. But now, let me ask, is this, after all, the invariable course in life, and is there no merit in doing what one ought when every temptation points to the other direction? and, lastly, is it nothing to do what a man ought when the doing costs exactly the half of all he has in the world?

Now, if I were, instead of being Potts, a certain great writer that we all know and delight in, I would invent the occasion here by asking my reader to hold his breath until he does the right thing? I would say to him, without with all haste to anticipate his answer, Of course you do. You never pinch your children, or kick your wife out of bed; you are a model father and a churchwarden; but I am only a poor apothecary's son, brought up in precepts of thrift and the Dublin Pharmacopœia; and I own to you, when I placed the half of my twenty-pounder crimped bank-note inside of that letter, I fear I was a great deal less than myself in two.

But I did it like a man, if that be the proper phrase for an act which I thought god-like. And oh, take my word for it, when a sacrifice hasn't cost you a coach-load of regrets, and a shapful of hesitations about making it, it is little worth. There's a wide difference between the gift of a sheep from an Australian farmer or the present of a child's pet lamb, even though the sheep be twice the size of the other.

I gave myself no small praise for what I had done, much figurative patting on the back, and a vast deal of that very ambiguous consolation which beggars in Catholic countries beseech in change for alms by assurances that it will be remembered to you in Purgatory.

"Well," thought I, "the occasion isn't very far off, for my Purgatory begins to-morrow."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

I was in a man's locality and easily provided myself with a light equipment for the road, resolved at once to take the foot-path in life and "walk my fortune." I use these words simply as the expression of the utter uncertainty which prevailed as to whether I should go, and what to do when I got there.

If there be few more joyous things in life than to start off on foot with three or four chums—companions, ramble through some country, rich in scenery, varied in interest and interest, there are few more lonely sensations than to set out by one's self, not very decided what to take, and with very little money to take it.

One of the most grievous features of small means is, certainly, the almost exclusive occupation it gives the mind as to every, even the most trivial, incident that involves cost. Instead of dining on fish and fowl and fruit, you find eating so many groschen and kreutzers. You are not drinking beer, but a pale, watery, colourless, coarse bockstein in vinegar? When you take the fire every spark that flies up the chimney is a briocce! You come at last to suspect that the sun won't warm you for nothing, and that the very breeze that cooled your brow is only waiting round the corner to ask "for something for himself."

When the rich man lives sparingly, the conscious power of the wealth he might have if he pleased sometimes makes his poor fellow say, "I must wait to examine the more thrashwee will it appear. If it were simply that he dressed humbly and fare scarcely, it might be borne well; but it is the hourly depreciation that poverty is exposed to makes its true grievance. "An ill-looking"—this means, generally, ill-dressed—"an ill-looking fellow had been seen about the premises at nightfall," says the police report. "A very suspicious character had entered for a bed; his wardrobe was a simple trunk, and his clothes tattered and weary, stopped at the door that evening and asked if there was any cheap house of entertainment in the village." Heaven help the poor wayfarer if any one has been robbed, any house broken into, any risk set fire to, while he passed through that locality. There is no need of a crowd of witnesses to convict him, since every dingle in his hat, every tear in his coat, and every rent in his shoes are evidence against him.

If I thought over these things in sorrow and lamentation, it was in a very profound spirit that I deposited the bag with all the money in Messrs. Hanks' bank, saw the contents duly counted over, replaced and sealed up, and then addressed to Her Majesty's Minister at Kalbratenstadt, taking a receipt for the same. "This was only just common honesty," says the reader. Oh, if there is an absurd collocation of words, it is that. Common honesty! why, there is nothing more common than that. "I am a man," said I. "I beseech you, undervale the wafer who restores the ring you dropped in the coffee-room, nor hold him cheaply who gives back the umbrella you left in the cab. These seem such easy things to do, but they are not easy. Men are more or less Cornish wrecks in life, and very apt to regard the lost article as a treasure trove. I have said all this to you, amiable readers, that you may know what it cost me, on that sad morning, not to be a rogue, and not to enter into the ranks of the goods and services."

I underwent a veritable and searching self-examination to ascertain what it was I had not appropriated that bag, an offence which, legally speaking, would only amount to a breach of trust. I said, "Is it that you had no need of the money, Potts?" Did you feel that your own philosophy had made you regard gold as mere dross, and then think that the load was a burden? Or, taking higher ground, had you reason to suppose that the loss of the bag was the fault of that good man and upright apothecary who had given you your first perceptions of right and wrong?" I fear that I was obliged to say No, in turn, to each of these queries. I would have been very glad to be right, proud to have been a philosopher, overjoyed to feel myself swayed by moral motives, but I could not palm the imposition on my conscience and had honestly to own that the loss of my pocket-book was—I fear not!—the work of the devil.

There was an old sailor once so impressed with an ill notion of the sex that whenever a tale of misfortune or disgrace reached him, his only inquiry as to the source of the evil was, Who was she? Now, my experiences of life have traveled in another direction, and whenever I read of some noble piece of heroism, or some daring act of manly devotion, I don't ask whether he got the Bath or the Victoria Cross, if he were a general or a captain, or a vice-governor, but who was she that performed this glorious deed? I'd like to tell all sorts the color of her eyes, her hair; who she slender or plump, was she fiery or gentle; was it an old attachment or an acute attack coming after a paroxysm at first sight?

If I were the great chief of some great public life department where all my subordinates were obliged to give heavy security for their honesty, I should indeed ask bail bonds or sureties; but I'd say, "How can you find a true heart? either will do. Let me look at her. If she be worthy an honest man's love, I am satisfied; mount your high stool and write away."

Oh, how I longed to stand upright in that dear girl's eyes, that she should see me worthy of her!

Had she yielded to all my wayward nature and rambling opinions, and I had been in endless indolence or of inability to dispute them, she had never made the deep impression on my heart. It was because she had bravely asserted her own independence, never conceding where unconvinced, never yielding where unconvincing, that I loved her. "What a stupid reverie was that of mine when I fancied her one of those strong-minded, determined women—a thickly-shod, umbrella-carrying female, who can travel alone and have her trunk thrown out of the carriage window in her, nor the slightest protestation. Rule me! not a bit of it. Guide, direct, support, confirm, sustain me; elevate my sentiments, cheer me on my road in life, making all evil odious in my eyes, and the good when I got there!"

I verily believe, with such a woman, an humble condition in life offers more chances of happiness than a state of wealth and splendor.

If the best prizes of life are to be picked, I prefer a man's freedom and a woman's independence to a home life, world of grand roundabout. If I were, say, a village doctor, a schoolmaster; if I were able to eke out subsistence in some occupation, whose pursuit might place me sufficiently favorably in her eyes. I don't like grocery, for instance, or even "dry goods," but something. It's no fault of mine if the English language be cramped and limited, and that I must employ the odious word "gentleman"; but something, in a nation of such grand roundabout.

I began to think of this to be done; I might return to my own country, go back to Dublin, and become Pots and Son, at least soon! A very horrid thought, and very hard to admit!

I might take a German degree in physic, and become an English doctor, say, at Baden, Eins, Gevers, or some other resort of my countrymen on the Continent. I might give lectures, I scarcely well knew on what, still less to whom; could stand as Professor Potts, and attract fortissimo in Shakspeare. There were at least fifteen hours open to me; and to consider them better, I filled my pipe and strolled off the high road into a shady copse of fine beech-trees, at the foot of one of which, and close to a clever little rivulet, I threw myself at full length, and thus, like Titus, enjoyed the leafy shade, making my meerschaum do duty for the shepherd's reed.

I had not been long thus when I heard the footsteps of some persons on the road, and shortly after, the sound disconcerted me, finding that they had stepped into the sword belt of this wood. As I listened I detected voices, and the next moment two figures emerged from the cover and stood before me: they were Väterschen and Tintenfleck.

"Sit down," said I, pointing to each in turn to take a place at either side of me. They were it is true, been the cause of the great calamity of my life, but in no sense was the fault theirs, and I wished to show that I was generous and open-minded. Väterschen acceded to the invitation with a courteous humor, and seated himself with a little difficulty; but Tintenfleck thrust herself on the grass, and with such a canorous "abandon," that her hair escaped from the net that held it and fell in great wavy masses across my feet.

"Ay," thought I, as I looked at the graceful outline of her finely-shaped figure, "here is the Amazons come to complete the tableau; only I would wish fewer spangles and a little more simplicity."

I saw that it was necessary to measure Väterschen's perfectanity by some explanation as to my strange mode of traveling, and told him briefly, "that it was a caprice common to my countrymen to assume the knapsack and take the road on foot; that we fancied in this wise we obtained a nearer view of life, and at least gained companionship with many from whom the accident of station might exclude us." I said this with an artful deliciosity, meant to imply that I was pointing at a very great and valuable privilege of pedestriandom.

He was silent with a smile, and said, "I am a German, and say, 'But in what wise, Sir?'—you addressed me always as Hoch Ge-schreiter Herr!—could you promise to yourself advantage from such associations as those? I can not believe you would condescend to know us simply to carry away in memory the little traits that must needs distinguish such lives as ours. I would not insult my respect for you by supposing that you come among us with a desire to compete with our wealthy weddahs and our sleek payards; and what else is there to gain? What can the poor mountebank teach you this?"

"Much," said I, with fervor, as I grasped his hand, and shook it heartily; "much, if you only gave me this one lesson that I now listen to, and I learn that a man's heart can beat truthfully under motley as under the embroidered coat of a minister. The man who speaks as he does can teach me much."

He gave a short hearty sigh and turned away. He arose after a few minutes, and going gaudily across the grass, spread his handkerchief over the head and face of the girl, who had at once fallen into a deep sleep.

"Poor thing," muttered he, "it is well she can sleep! She has eaten nothing to-day!"

"But, surely," said I, "there is some village or some wayside inn near this."

"Yes, there is the Eichenhof, a little public house, where the landlord, who didn't care to reach it before nightfall. It is so painful to pass many hours in a place and never call for anything; one is ill-looked on, and uncomfortable from it; and as we have only what we

want to eat the more in the forest here, and arrive at the inn by close of day."

"Let me be your traveling companion for to-day," said I, "and let us push forward and have our dinner together. Yes, sir, there is far less of condescension in the offer than you suspect. I am neither great nor minor; I am one of a class like your own, Väterschen; and what I do for you to-day some one else will as probably do for me."

So I said I would the old man would persist in believing that this was only another of those eccentricities for which Englishmen are famed; and though, with the tact of a native good-breeding, he showed no persistence in opposition, I saw plainly enough that he was unconvinced by all my arguments.

While the girl slept I asked him how he chanced upon the choice of his present mode of life, since there were many things in his tone and manner that struck me as singularly unlike what I had been educated to by his order.

"It is a very short story," said I; "five minutes will tell it, otherwise I might scruple to impose on your patience. It was thus I became what you see me."

Short as the narrative was, I must keep it for another page.

REAL CHRISTMAS ANGELS.

I'm a very plain and homely man, Just a little old lad or so, And the rheumatiz troubles me, off and on, Whether I will on no.

And so whenever that comes to pass, It drives me a most in a craze, To think of the lots of time I lose— The many working days.

For my old woman Meg, and I,

Agree on this, d'ye see, That I shall be sick when she is well; And I am well when she; For it's little of work that she can do, When well or ill, for bread, Yet many a stitch her fingers take From sunrise time till bed.

And so 'tis no disgrace to us, With the rheumatiz and all, That sometimes Meg, for hunger's sake, Should have to pawn her shawl.

But then 'tis woeful hard to me, When the winter nights are cold, For I miss the shawl on my old legs— If the words be not too bold.

Yet Meg and I get somehow on, For poverty isn't a crime, And we never think nothing about it Until it comes Christmas time. For we have a memory, Meg and I, Of a Christmas long ago, When both we were strong and hearty, And never knew want or woe.

And so it happens that Meg and I Have been waiting in hope and fear, To see if the Christmas coming Will be like the one last year; For then we were all right happy, Meg and the neighbour, and I, Of a Christmas long ago, When both we were strong and hearty, And never knew want or woe.

And so it happens that Meg and I Have been waiting in hope and fear, To see if the Christmas coming Will be like the one last year; For then we were all right happy, Meg and the neighbour, and I, Of a Christmas long ago, When both we were strong and hearty, And never knew want or woe.

It was all on the Christmas morning, When we hadn't a loaf of bread, And Meg and I, to keep life in, Were obliged to go to bed. The shawl it was in the pawn-shop, And we hadn't a cent—not we; So we thought it the hardest Christmas We ever had chance to see.

Meg sat in the bed a sewing, I reading the Bible to her, When there came at the door a tapping Like a woodpecker tapping a tree. Meg cried for the knock to enter, And a rosy face peeped in, With hazel eyes and clustering curl, White teeth and a dimpled chin.

There was sunshine in a moment To brush away the gloom, And a voice like an angel's whisper Went sweetly through the room.

It said, "Accept this turkey, Some potatos and coal, if you please; It is Merry Christmas-Day, And no one must starve or freeze."

Oh! wasn't Meg up directly, But the angel had vanished in air, And a stout man stood with a bushel of coal, And the turkey it lay on a chair.

In a good old-fashioned way; And wasn't we warm and jollily fed That glorious Christmas-Day!

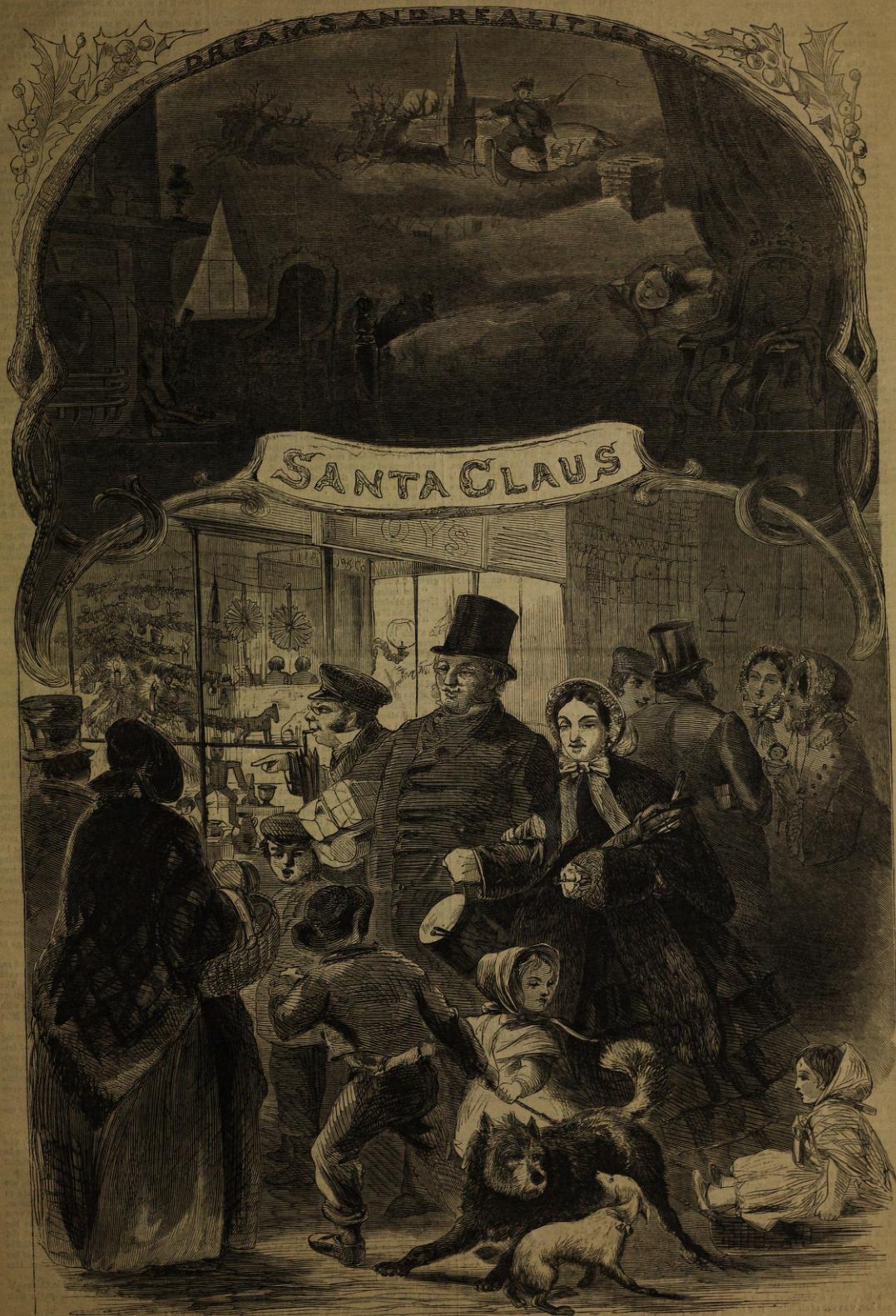
So that is my tale all told— A homely tale at the best— A tale that Meg and I repeat Each night when we go to rest. I have heard of angels with wings, Who noiselessly fit through the air, But the angel of angels that we like best Left a turkey upon the chair.



CHRISTMAS-DAY THEN AND NOW.

WHAT SANTA CLAUS BROUGHT IN.

THE LOVATION OF THE SHEPHERDS.





OUR HORSE-SHOW.—THE ARAB HORSE, CALF OF CAIRO, THE PROPERTY OF JUDGE JONES.—DRAWN BY T. C. CARPENTER.—[See PAGE 814.]

A COURSE OF NATURAL HISTORY.



1. THE PARROT.—The Parrot is frequently seen domesticated in this country, where its pleasing manners and gentle disposition render it a great favorite, etc., etc.

2. THE HORSE.—Of all quadrupeds the horse is the most beautiful; his noble size, the glossy smoothness of his skin, the graceful ease of his motion as he carries his master bounding over hill and dale, etc., etc.

3. THE BEE.—This interesting little insect deserves the greatest gratitude of all men and little children; for not only does it supply us with the sweet honey which gives such a relish to the evening meal, but also sets us a beautiful example of industry and peacefulness, etc., etc.



4. THE DOG.—The Dog is the most intelligent of all known quadrupeds, and the acknowledged friend of man. Faithful and courageous, he will die in the defense of his master, or tear limb from limb the presumptuous aggressor, etc., etc.

5. THE HOG.—This valuable domestic animal is one of the greatest blessings to man, etc., etc.

6. THE CAT.—Of all animals, there is none which imparts to the domestic fireside such an air of peaceful contentment and tranquillity as the cat; gentle and graceful, it is at once the companion of youth and the admiration of old age, etc., etc.



7. THE COW.—This is the most gentle and forbearing of all animals, and at the same time one of the most valuable friends to man, etc., etc.

8. THE CANARY.—This pretty little songster is a universal favorite in parlor or cottage; its sweet warblings are always welcome and admired, etc., etc.

9. THE LION.—Numberless accounts prove that the lion is noble in his revenge, magnanimous in his courage, and grateful for benefits received. Bold and daring to a fault, he, etc., etc.

THE BATTLE OF THE STORE.

I was poring over my ledger
On a cold November day,
And counting up my profits
In a calculating way.
How I strove, and worried, and dreamed,
And dreamed, and talked, and swore,
As I fought the fight through many a year—
The battle of the store.

I was thinking it over and over—

The per cent. I should lose on Brown,
And whether I'd sell to Smith again
Whenever he came to town;
And whether my draught on Jones
Would trouble me any more.
And so I went fighting, fighting on,
The battle of the store.

I was poring over my ledger
On a cold November day,
When I heard a voice at my elbow,
In a supplicating way:

"Will you let me entreat your notice
Toward this little book?

The price is only a shilling;

I think you will buy if you look."

I turned my head to my shoulder,
To a figure gaunt and gray,
Whose coat was shabby, and very thin.
For this cold November day.
He had every look about him
Of a room in a dirty street,
With a smoky fire in it,
And never enough to eat.

He stood at my elbow humbly,
And stared a vacant stare,
While I took his book with a business smile,
And motioned him to a chair.
For somehow in the ledger
I had entered that old man gray,
And I knew I should find the entry
At no far distant day.

I would give him a touch of nature,
Forgetting the god I obeyed;
So I gave the fire a goodly stit,
And I asked him, "How is trade?"
"Ah! trade is very, very low,
And bread and meat are high;
And the weather is very, very cold—
And do you not wish you could die?"

I said that I thought I was willing to live
And struggle on for a while;
So the old man said it was very well,
And smiled a ghostly smile.
"But when you have lived as I have lived,
And lost as I have lost,
You will wish for death as the only rest
That is left for the tempest-tossed.

"It was many and many a year ago,
I could look in my ledger and see
The names of my debtors in every land,
And my ships on every sea.
I sat and counted the loss and gain
As 'tis counted to-day by you,
And I looked on my God and my love of truth
In a business point of view.

"I have seen my dream of gold dispelled,
My friends among the dead,
And the name that stood for a million once
Not good for a loaf of bread.
I have lived to see far more than this—
My wife and my children fair
Go one by one to the silent land—
They tarry for me there."

He ceased, and wiped the dropping tears
From off his withered face,
Then slowly from his pocket took
A strip of ragged lace.
He kissed and pressed it to his lips,
And speaking thick and fast—
"This is the only relic left—
That binds me with the past."

Oh! sad and desolate old man—

Thy type of all thy race—
Like thee, they cling unto the past
By bits of ragged lace.

Like thee, they pace the dreary round
Of pleasure or of pain;
Like thee, they dwell upon a life
They would not live again.

Good-night, thou man of many woes!
Come not again to me,

For I have debts in every land,

And 'l ships on every sea.

And I have wife and children fair;

My friends are not yet dead;

But still I'll close my ledger up,

And think on what you've said.

OUR HORSE-SHOW.—THE ARAB HORSE.

We continue our series of pictures of American horses, cattle, sheep, and other animals with the Arab horse "Calif" of Cairo, whose portrait will be found page 812. The Arabian's superior qualifications as a war and hunting steed at the head of our horses, and to him originally, with very few exceptions, we trace almost every breed of horse in the United States.

We have now an innumerable list of horses of assumed variety of breed, comprising Black Hawks, Messengers, Abdallahs, Membrinos, Almacks, Eclipse, Bellfounders, Morgans, and Andrew Jacksons, all of whom are claimed to be the patriarchal breed of American horses. In this careful investigation of their pedigrees we shall invariably find the name of "Bashaw," distinguishing at once the Arab blood to which they are indebted for their surpassing speed and beauty.

The subject of our present illustration, the beautiful "Calif" of Cairo, was presented, when a foal, to the United States Consul for Egypt by Abdes Pasha, as the best specimen of the Arabian horse to be found in that country. He is a beautiful silver-gray, with silvery mane and tail, legs and feet of remarkable delicacy of bone, and a head and eyes of singular beauty.

He is about fifteen hands high, kind as a dove, and immensely fast; but, as is usual with Arabs, has never runched much speed as a trotter. Upon this ground alone do some of our horsemen object to the breed; and in some districts the Arabian is decidedly unpopular.

A slight investigation of the pedigree of all our best horses will show how unfounded is this prejudice.

Our picture is taken in Philadelphia, at the stable of his owner, the Hon. Judge Jones, of that city. Our drawing is from life, representing him as he appeared at the Eclipse Fair, Centreville Course, Long Island.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

The Teeth.

How few people consider the importance of preserving their teeth! and how many would give thousands of dollars could they regain them after the loss has become irreparable.

The mouth should always be thoroughly cleaned before going to bed, and after each meal, especially after eating or drinking what is sweet or sour, as the action of either, in connection with the secretions of the mouth, act upon, and in time destroy the enamel of the teeth.

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We advise our readers to try it.

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No Soot; No Smoke.

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1861.

"GREAT IN MOUTHING OF WHIMSY CHINWEE."

THE

New York Mercury

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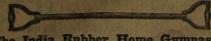
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